

SACRIFICE

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Govinda

Jaising is great. He has
conquered
death. My flowers are for
him*

Gunavati

-My King,

Govinda

Yes, my love

Gunavati

The Goddess is no more.

Govinda

She has burst her cruel
prison of
stone, and come back to the
woman's
heart.

Aparna

Father, come away.

Raghitpati

Come, child. Come,
Mother. I
have found thee. Thou art
the last
gift of Jaising.